

SNUFF IT

The Quarterly Newsletter of the Church of Euthanasia

I viddied what I had to do . . . and that was to do myself in, to snuff it. -*A Clockwork Orange*

INSPIRATIONS

Razors pain you,
Drugs cause cramp.
Acids stain you,
Rivers are damp.
Guns aren't lawful,
Nooses give.
Gas smells awful,
Might as well live.

-*Dorothy Parker*

There's so many of us there's so many of us
There's so many of us there's so many of us
There's so many of us there's so many of us
Let's have a war
So you can go die
Let's have a war
We need the space
Let's have a war
We could all use the money
Let's have a war
And get out of this place

-*Fear*

This is the end
Beautiful friend, the end
This is the end
My only friend, the end
Of our elaborate plans, the end
Of everything that stands, the end
No safety or surprise, the end
I'll never look into your eyes again

-*The Doors*

We starve, look
At one another, short of breath
Walking proudly in our winter coats
Wearing smells from laboratories
Facing a dying nation
Of moving paper fantasies
Listening for the new told lies
With supreme visions of lonely tunes

-*Hair*

Jesus
You've started to believe
The things they say are true
You really do believe
This talk of God is true
And all the good you've done
Will soon get swept away
You've begun to matter more
Than the things you say

-*Tim Rice*

You
Are the crown of creation
And you've got no place to go
Soon
You will attain the stability you strive for
In the only way that it's granted
In a place among the fossils
Of our time

-*The Jefferson Airplane*

EDITORIAL

Greetings, dear reader, and welcome to the first issue of **Snuff It**, the quarterly magazine of the Church of Euthanasia. Just in case you're not already a member of the church, I'll take this opportunity to explain our theology. The church has four core principles, or "pillars", and they are (drum roll please) **suicide**, **abortion**, **cannibalism**, and **sodomy**. Now, you may ask yourself, why do we support these things? What do they all have in common? Yes, of course they're all good fun, but the real answer is that **they all help reduce the population**.

An article that appeared in the Boston Globe on March 5 revealed that the world's population, currently 5.7 billion, will reach 8 billion by the year 2020. Undersecretary of state Timothy Wirth was quoted as saying that two billion people don't get enough to eat, and another 500 million go to bed hungry. "Over the next 35 to 40 years, we need to triple the amount of food in the world," Wirth said. "But there's no more arable land, and the water supply isn't growing."

The scientific consensus is that if the world's population continues to increase at its current rate, and if the industrial nations, particularly the United States, continue to blindly exhaust and pollute the planet to feed their limitless economic growth, the Earth's ecosystem will gradually collapse, causing famine, disease and war on an unimaginable scale. With these prospects, suicide will become an increasingly sane, heroic, and even fashionable alternative.

Since Americans consume and pollute so much more than everyone else, it seems logical that we should be the first to go. Every imaginable resource is extracted from the Earth by slave labor, and transported to our shopping malls so that we can live in luxury. Our media provides us with constant diversion, while insulating us from any responsibility for our ecosystem. We are thoroughly indoctrinated and believe we are highly civilized. Apparently we measure civilization by how far away we can transport our dung. Why do we hate our dung so?

In an earlier period of history many of us feared our species would be destroyed by nuclear war. In 1948, a zoologist named Fairfield Osborn correctly predicted that the primary threat to our species was topsoil depletion. He calculated that two and one-half acres of average topsoil are required to sustain one human, and further observed that if our planet's less than four billion acres of topsoil were divided by our population of two billion at most two acres were available.

In the subsequent period we have permitted our population to more than double. Our rate of topsoil erosion continues to increase, and we are rapidly contaminating what remains with toxic chemicals. Already entire nations have become uninhabitable deserts. Their populations flee, or are left kill each other and die of starvation, as recent events in Somalia and Ethiopia illustrate. It is truly ironic that the earliest known human remains have been discovered in Ethiopia. To look at Ethiopia today is to look at our future. Our species faces extinction.

What, dear reader, can **YOU** do? Well, first of all,

you can **KEEP READING**, and second, you can **JOIN** the Church of Euthanasia! Be part of the solution! Write to us! Send us articles! Send us **MONEY**! Until next time...

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

After our war in Iraq, Stephen Hess of the Brookings Institute commented that "Bill Clinton needed to be a patriot" because he avoided service in Vietnam. Am I the only one who finds Clinton's "patriotism" repulsive? As with Vietnam, the media was quick to criticize the president's action, but only on tactical grounds. The war left "tyranny intact", and the Boston Globe called for Bill Clinton to help "the Iraqi people overthrow their tyrant". If I publicly called for the American people to overthrow Bill Clinton, I would be arrested for sedition!

The average American consumes roughly 100 times the resources of one tribeswoman in Kenya, and about ten times as much as the average world citizen. Harvard zoologist E.O. Wilson has calculated that if the rest of the Earth used resources at the rate the United States and Japan do, the planet could sustain a population of only 200 million. The United States directly supports tyrants all over the world, so long as they allow us to exploit their resources. Like the Mafia, we make examples out of both Vietnam and Iraq because they refuse to play along.

The media concentrates our "patriotism" on these few tyrants who are foolish enough to oppose us, in order to raise public support for punishing or killing them. The "useful" tyrants are ignored if possible, or if necessary, their hideous crimes are reported as mysterious "civil wars". The Globe recently lamented that "the world paid little heed...as Indonesian troops killed thousands of separatists" in Timor without even mentioning that this slaughter was paid for almost entirely by United States taxpayers through direct military aid!

-Noam Chomsky, Rm 20D-219, MIT, Cambridge, MA 02139

I couldn't have put it better myself! -Ed.

Sirs:

What kind of "church" promotes death? The New Testament meaning of the word *church* denotes an organized community acknowledging the Lord Jesus Christ as their supreme ruler, and meeting statedly or as opportunities offer for religious worship. The purpose for Christ's coming to earth was to bring life. God is life, and God is love. That is why your use of the word church in connection with terms such as euthanasia and suicide is a contradiction in terminology. As a mother and grandmother I appeal to you to cease distribution of bumper stickers and other propaganda that promotes death.

-Shirley Spencer, Box 12609, Oklahoma City, OK 73157

It's dinner time! Send us your virgins! -Ed.

You
Are the crown of creation
And you've got no place to go
Soon
You will attain the stability you strive for
In the only way that it's granted
In a place among the fossils
Of our time

-The Jefferson Airplane

THE OCTOPUS

Here in the United States, you are under constant surveillance. The computers of the National Security Agency routinely monitor all domestic and international communications. Transmissions containing certain combinations of key words are recorded and carefully scrutinized. There is now substantial evidence that "octopus" is one of those words.

Far away, turbines the size of houses are spinning. They are the glistening heart of the octopus. Millions of miles of high tension lines march across the countryside, the veins and arteries, carrying the precious blood to millions of faceless apartment buildings, crumbling brownstones, rotting wooden houses covered with vinyl, and suburban homes all exactly alike. The capillaries bring blood to the skin, smooth white walls with plenty of outlets. Listen to the hum of the octopus.

The octopus wraps his tentacles around the Earth and feeds hungrily. He rips deep holes in her flesh, and sucks up her sweet essences, water and oil and gas. He piles up her flesh in great mounds, and chews it, swallowing the resources he seeks, spitting out what remains into her rivers and poisoning them. Her most secret treasures are looted, digested, and excreted. He digs pits for his excrement, and they are filled, and still he excretes more.

You are herded into trains and buses like cattle, or sit for hours in tiny chariots that belch noxious fumes. You are packed into long rows of identical grey cubicles, where you twitch your fingers and talk into boxes joined by wires. The boxes talk back, and you talk to each other as if you were in the same room. The buildings you work in have windows that can never be opened. Your masters fear the air, and rightly so. Breath is life, and their rule is death.

You return to your cells in darkness, recline on soft cushions, and watch soothing colored lights on glass screens. Food is transported from all over the world, prepared by less fortunate slaves, and delivered to you. You excrete in water closets that empty through labyrinths of pipe into the ocean, and the only hunting you do is for places to park your chariots.

War rages in distant lands, though you are no longer permitted to see it on your screens. The battle over the dwindling resources grows uglier. Whole nations are left to starve, and encouraged to destroy one another. There

are riots and looting in your cities, and martial law is declared. Then, for the first time, your tallest building is almost destroyed. Your elites begin to fear for their property, and know that only the strongest of them will survive.

The octopus clings more tightly as the planet dies. Your bodies become weak, as your water and food grow more poisonous. In the summer the air is unbreathable and you are warned to stay inside. Soon there are shortages, and even you go hungry. Your leaders lose control, and fight each other. The holes in your atmosphere expand, and there are oxygen wars. The octopus empties the Earth, and her surface begins to collapse, causing tremendous earthquakes. Waves wash over your cities as your continent sinks.

Only the simultaneous enlightenment of your entire species can prevent this. You are the eyes of the world and the crown of creation. Surrender, before it is too late, and slay the octopus. You cannot possibly win your war with the Earth.

GLOOM AND DOOM

In the seconds it takes you to read this sentence, 24 people will be added to the Earth's population.

Before you've finished this paragraph, that number will reach 1000. Within an hour...11,100. By day's end...260,000.

Before you go to bed two nights from now, the net growth in human numbers will be enough to fill a city the size of San Francisco.

It took four million years for humanity to reach the 2 billion mark. Only 30 years to add a third billion. And now we're increasing by 95 million every single year.

No wonder they call it the human race.

Source: Zero Population Growth
1400 16th Street NW, Suite 320, Washington, DC 20036

If current trends continue, world population, currently at 5.5 billion, will nearly triple to 14 billion within the next century. Moreover, new Census Bureau projections show that the U.S. population will likely increase by 50 percent in only 57 years -- from 256 in 1992 to 383 million in 2050. Although the United States is home to only 5 percent of the world's population, we are responsible for using 23 percent of the world's commercial energy, for producing more garbage than any country in the world, and for generating about 21 percent of the world's total carbon dioxide emissions -- the major contributing gas to global warming.

Source: Zero Population Growth
1400 16th Street NW, Suite 320, Washington, DC 20036

"Unless the world gets on top of the population explosion, we're never going to solve any of the other problems."

-Rep. Joseph P. Kennedy

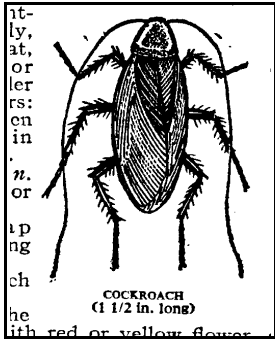
I viddied what I had to do...
and that was to do myself in, to snuff it.

-A Clockwork Orange

BIODIVERSITY

Biodiversity reduction is accelerating today largely through the destruction of natural habitats. Because of the latitudinal diversity gradient, the greatest loss occurs in tropical moist forests (rain forests) and coral reefs. The rate of loss of rain forests, down to approximately 55% of their original cover, was in 1989 almost double that in 1979. Roughly 1.8% of the remaining forests are disappearing per year.

If current rates of clearing are continued, one-quarter or more of the species of organisms on Earth will be eliminated within 50 years--and even that pessimistic estimate might be conservative. Moreover, for the first time in geologic history, plants are being extinguished in large numbers.



When roaches rule...

Since the overwhelming majority (possibly more than 90%) of species now exists on land, the 40% human appropriation there alone shows why there is an extinction crisis. Furthermore, the human population is projected to double in the next half-century or so--to more than 10 billion people. Most ominous of all, the widely admired Brundtland Report

speaks of a five- to tenfold increase in global economic activity needed during that period to meet the demands and aspirations of that exploding population.

The loss of biodiversity should be of concern to everyone. Because *Homo Sapiens* is the dominant species on Earth, we and many others think that people have an absolute responsibility to protect what are our only known living companions in the universe.

-Excerpted from an article called Biodiversity Studies: Science and Policy by Harvard zoologists Paul R. Erlich and Edward O. Wilson.

"Without firing a shot, we will kill one-fifth of all species of life on this planet in the next 20 years."

-Russell E. Train, *World Wildlife Fund*

We starve, look
At one another, short of breath
Walking proudly in our winter coats
Wearing smells from laboratories
Facing a dying nation
Of moving paper fantasies
Listening for the new told lies
With supreme visions of lonely tunes

-Hair

ASK CHRISSY

A woman shall not wear anything that pertains to man, nor shall a man wear a woman's garment; for whoever does these things is an abomination to the lord. (Deuteronomy 22:5)

PHOTO #2

PHOTO: ANGELA COPPOLA

THE STATE OF SHIT

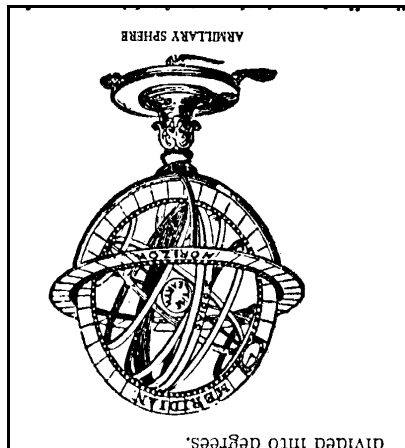
Dear Chrissy,

I want to get off this crappy planet as soon as possible. I've tried to overdose three times now and each time my parents have caught me and had my stomach pumped. The last time they had me committed to a mental hospital. What am I doing wrong?

-Restrained in Richmond

Dear Restrained,

First of all, you're going to have to get yourself out of that dumpy hospital! Do exactly what they say, take your medication, and tell your therapist whatever he or she wants to hear. As soon as they let you out, run away. Be sure to bring your remaining collection of pills. Head for the most remote area you can find. Deep woods are good, abandoned industrial buildings are even better, but make sure it's somewhere that no one will think to look. Don't forget to take the pills on an empty stomach, or you'll be waking up in a puddle of barf. If you want anyone to find you afterwards, mail them a letter with directions on the way there. Better luck next time!



It has been fairly well understood for some time now that matter and energy are interchangeable forms of the same thing. Or as pastor Val is fond of saying, everything has the properties of both particles and waves. Neither can be destroyed, and it is widely believed that our universe is composed only of these two substances, perpetually changing into one another. In keeping with ancient Hindu tradition, we call the thing which matter and energy are two different forms of "shit." Shit exists as particles and waves. The universe is shit in space.

Gravity is the tendency of shit to attract shit. But how does this work, you ask? What is the mechanism? Is it a particle or a wave? Neither, smarty-pants! Gravity is a property of shit. Shit compresses and distorts dimensional space, including time. Two shits attract one another, by compressing the so-called "fabric" of dimensional space between them. This is not unheard of in physics, and is known as continuum theory.

The universe exists in an unknown number of dimensions, and is infinite in all of them. Imagine everything sliced into two-dimensional planes like a salami. Each plane is an infinite flat universe of its own. A party in our universe may keep folks awake in any number of flat universes that happen to intersect it. In addition, an hassle in a flat universe might not be a hassle in ours. Suppose a flat universe happens to intersect the great wall of China. A flat inhabitant has no choice but to go around the wall. This is referred to in the I Ching as "tough luck". But what if a flat Genghis Khan could temporarily jump into the third dimension? He could hop over the flat wall, return to his own dimension, and go waste flat Peking.

Schools teach you that we inhabit a four-dimensional universe, with time as the fourth dimension. It would be more accurate to call it a 3½D universe. We can move freely only in the first three dimensions. We are bound to a fixed direction (forward) and speed (fast) in the fourth. We can only directly perceive the present. The past and the future can be thought of as an infinite number of parallel 3D universes which are forever hidden, known to us only by memory or speculation. We are in exactly the same boat as those poor flat fuckers.

If one of us could temporarily escape and move freely in the fourth dimension, seemingly insurmountable obstacles could be easily overcome. Suppose you were locked in a prison cell. You could simply move backwards or forwards in time to a point when the door was unlocked, exit the cell, and return to the time you left, free. From the point of view of the astounded guards, you would disappear into and reappear from nowhere.

In the same way that 4D reality may contain any number of distinct 3D universes frozen in time, the 5D universe contains any number of distinct 4D universes,

one of which we happen to inhabit. These parallel universes all share the same shit. The Earth exists in many distinct 4D universes and is inhabited by different species in each one.

UFO author Jaques Vallee is correct in maintaining that UFOs are not green men in spaceships from Alpha Centauri. UFOs are beings capable of movement in at least five dimensions, and mostly from Earth in parallel 4D universes. They move by using gravitation to distort dimensional space, shrinking or stretching it as necessary. This concept has appeared in science fiction, and was referred to in Frank Herbert's **Dune** trilogy as "folding space."

Physicists generally agree that black holes exist and that they are composed of shit, with density approaching the infinite. Typical projections assume the density of thousands of suns in a body the size of Earth. Physicists say that whole galaxies are rushing towards each other and presumably colliding in a terrible shit-storm to become flies on the black hole's windshield. The truth is stranger.

The black hole's density increases linearly towards the its center. The center is a vertex of infinite density, and since infinite density compresses space infinitely, dimensional space does not exist at the vertex. The galaxies are not colliding at all. The space between the galaxies is being compressed, until the objects arrive at the vertex and are propelled through it into a parallel universe. Suppose the Earth went through a black hole. We might never notice. Our shit would be shrinking as our space was compressed, but how would we know? Our rulers would be shrinking too (no pun intended).

Imagine I have a tiny, tiny speck of a black hole in a paint jar, and that the paint jar somehow contains the black hole. The speck weighs more than the sun, but somehow the paint jar isolates it and I can carry the black hole around in my pocket. I might only have to remove the lid of the jar for a billionth of a second to squirt myself out of the universe like a grapefruit seed! This is how UFOs travel.

The discovery that UFOs are actually from Earth explains a variety of mysteries. Why have the UFOs been known to every human society throughout history? Because they've always been here! Why do they come to Earth when they have the whole universe to explore? Because they live here! Why are they being sighted more and more frequently, in increasingly violent episodes, particularly near the sites of weapons of mass destruction?

Because this is their planet too and they don't like the way we're treating it! This last point is especially interesting. Nuclear explosions have an unpleasant effect on the Earth in many more dimensions than our own. We are blowing huge fucking holes in someone else's back yard, and they don't like it. Our nuclear experiments seem crude and very dangerous to them, like a small child with a chemistry set. The recent sightings in Brazil suggest that our neighbors are preparing to take more aggressive action to contain us.

Interestingly, pastor Val has seen UFOs hanging around new age crystal shows. Why would UFOs be interested in crystals? The so-called "occult" forces are

multidimensional influences. Crystals and other riches of the Earth are powerful and desirable in all universes. Good for you, good for them. Bad for them, BAD FOR YOU!

BEING UPDATE

As many of you know, Rev. Korda receives regular communications from the "Being". These messages arrive via psychic channelling, i.e. voices or "demons" in his head. The Being is a powerful alien intelligence who speaks for the inhabitants of the planet Earth in various parallel dimensions. One of the more recent messages instructed him to make a hit record. Rev. Korda has of course faithfully followed those instructions, and the result is the amazing 12" techno single **Save The Planet, Kill Yourself** recently released on **Kevorkian Records**. The lyrics are hereby transcribed word for word, as they were received from the Being:

Greetings.
We are not of this planet.
We do not understand
Your strange customs.
Your planet's ecosystem
Is failing.
Your leaders deny this.
Explain.

Your leaders deny this.
Your leaders deny this.
Your leaders deny this.
Your leaders deny this.

Why
Do your leaders lie to you?
Why
Do so many of you believe these lies?
Explain
Your strange customs.
Why
Believe these lies?

Save the planet.
Kill yourself.
Save the planet!
Kill yourself.

PHOTO #3

Oak tree you're in my way...

REMEMBER!
IF YOU *MUST* DRINK AND DRIVE
DON'T WEAR YOUR SEAT BELT!
AND KEEP AN EXTRA KEY IN YOUR WALLET!
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN SOME NOSY "FRIEND"
IS GOING TO CONFISCATE YOUR KEYS!

This message is sponsored by **Budweiser**
in cooperation with the **Church of Euthanasia**

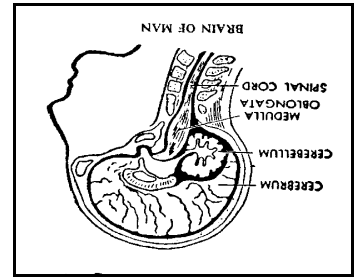
**CHRIS
KORDA**

**DEMONS
IN MY
HEAD**

An Environmental
Punishment
In D Minor

distributed by **SILENT** and **DUTCH EAST**

At a party not long ago, someone asked me: "What do you do?" I replied: "I am the warden of Devil's Island." A joke, dear reader, and an example of the boggle factor.



There are certain statements which seem inherently unbelievable: "There was no Holocaust," for example. "Bill Clinton will lower taxes." Etc. Etc. Having established some degree of definition, we now take up the much-discussed matter of UFO abductions. A Harvard professor, my dear friends, has weighed in on the subject. One John E. Mack, M.D., on the staff of The Cambridge Hospital, has contributed to the discussion ABDUCTION (Human Encounters With Aliens). At the behest of "Snuff It" I have read this book carefully, even taking detailed notes on the first two chapters. I confess myself much boggled. Take note of the fact that the book costs \$22.00 plus tax, and that it is published by Scribners.

The status of UFO literature is peculiar. Many books are privately published, and never reach, or somehow vanish from the commercial publishing scene. Looking over Dr. Mack's four pages of bibliography, I see many references to obscure texts. I also see huge gaps -- or so it would appear -- in his preparation. There is no mention of the quintessential study *The Mothman Prophecies* by John A. Keel. Also *Messengers of Deception*, by Jacques Vallee, a research report of the highest relevance, seems to have been missed.

Dr. Mack's book does have its points to make, however. I would advise my indulgent friends and readers to set aside some time to visit your local library or bookselling establishment, to take down "Abduction" from the shelves, and to skim over the first two chapters. You will find such observations as these:

Page 9 -- "The experience of internalizing what is first perceived as external light happens frequently during mystical flashes or transcendental journeys that result in spiritual rebirth."

Comment: Spiritual rebirth is a favorite theme of the "abductees" or "experiencers." Past lives are often explored by the humans together with the aliens, so Dr. Mack suggests.

Page 20 -- "I might be open to the possibility that our consensus framework of reality is too limited and that a phenomenon such as this cannot be explained within its ontological parameters."

Comment: Dr. Mack almost seems to believe that he is writing a study of ontology, "The science or study of being; that department of metaphysics which relates to the being or essence of things, or to being in the abstract." (Oxford English Dictionary)

To give the author his due, he has done a great deal of work to support his clients and co-investigators, the "experiencers." There are thirteen chapters of the book devoted to fairly comprehensive accounts of individual

SUBMIT! SUBMIT! SUBMIT!

fiction, non-fiction, poetry, and artwork. Note that submissions cannot be returned unless accompanied by a suitable return envelope and postage.

cases.

One claim of Dr. Mack's which I would like to challenge is the repetitiously and vaguely stated view that the aliens, or visitors, or trans-dimensionals are greatly concerned with the "environment." While he presents personal statements to reflect this view, he cites no credible study which supports such a notion. There is no mention of such obviously important matters as: (1) soil erosion, (2) oxygen-exchanging organisms, (3) non-polluting energy generators, (4) wasteful over-consumption, etc.

If the reader is intrigued by this concept of human/alien interaction (using the terms on the cover of the book), then go ahead and read also David Jacobs' SECRET LIFE: Firsthand Accounts of UFO Abductions. Maybe even track down Leah Haley's "Lost Was The Key" or Whitley Strieber's "Communion Letter." The reader will find a range of views wider than those expressed by Dr. Mack.

Let me conclude this review with a brief summary of a recent report on a study by the Environmental Protection Agency, a department of the wonderfully resourceful and much-respected United States government. I am borrowing from an article by Richard Sauder in the recent "UFO, a forum on extraordinary theories and phenomena" Vol. 9, No. 2 1994.

Sauder cites a document: "U.S. Congress, Office of Technology Assessment, The Containment of Underground Nuclear Explosions, OTA-ISC-414 (Washington, DC: US Government Printing Office, October, 1989).

"What can be said for certain is that in recent years the United States government has had an extensive human and animal surveillance and monitoring program..." This program has one of its principal bases near the Nevada Test Site, (*see note) at the Environmental Systems Monitoring Laboratory at U. of Nevada-Las Vegas. The human tests include a "whole-body count."

By coincidence your reviewer has had several whole-body count tests performed upon his person at M.I.T., under the auspices of the Nutrition Department. These tests involve removing all clothing, donning sterile garments, and sitting quite still inside a concrete box for 15 plus minutes. Oh yes, you must drink some radio-nuclide fluid (just a few cc's) some time before the test.

Well, readers and friends and associates, I have tried to spare you as much boggling as I could. I hope that these two pages have not been a waste of your time. As for Dr. Mack's book, I would definitely recommend that you wait for the paperback edition, or procure a copy from the library. I spent the \$22.00 plus tax, and quite frankly, I doubt that it's worth more than \$5.00. --- C. G. Dover

NOTE: Jonathan Parfrey reports in "Turning Wheel" (The Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, Berkeley, CA, Winter 1994): "One hundred atmospheric tests were conducted at the Nevada Test Site from 1951 to 1963, emitting over 12,000,000,000 curies of radiation. Chernobyl, by contrast, released 81,000 curies.

PHOTO #4

Pastor Kim debates a yellow cap...

PHOTO #5

The Rev. had better luck with the state police...

PHOTO: C.BODOCK

carrying walkie-talkies and megaphones. The yellow caps were joined by a contingent of very silly-looking B.U. cops in spandex tights on bicycles. After a long and completely unintelligible speech, the crowd formed into a line and the march began.

Just outside Kenmore Square, pastor Kim broke the ice and unveiled a six foot tall wooden cross. Four naked baby dolls with bloody fingers and mouths hung from the crosspiece, and in the middle of the cross a small stuffed rabbit was crucified. The nearest yellow cap immediately attached herself to pastor Kim like a barnacle. She apparently assumed she was dealing with an isolated lunatic, and repeatedly praised his "Save The Whales" sign, while urging him to abandon the cross. Pastor Kim kept her at bay with an extremely lucid and persistent explanation of church theology. Meanwhile the march arrived in Kenmore Square, and the trick signs were uncloaked. Rev. Korda now led the delegation, carrying the "Kill Your Fetus, Not Your Pet" sign, followed by sister Laura carrying "Eat People Not Animals." Pastor Kim brought up the rear with "Save The Planet, Kill Yourself" and the carnivorous babies.

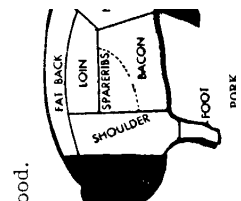
About halfway across the Mass. Ave bridge, a Boston police officer grabbed Rev. Korda by the elbow and dragged him out of the march for questioning. The Rev. was unable to produce any identification, as usual. He was also carrying Mace without an FID card, and the officer was preparing to arrest him when sister Catherine showed up with the video camera. The air was soon filled with the sweet smell of frying bacon, and the Rev. resumed marching,

THE CHURCH GETS THE LAST LAUGH

On Saturday, April 30, several New England anti-vivisection organizations converged on Boston University for a march to Harvard Square. The Church of Euthanasia was there, and the surf was definitely up. The church delegation included pastor Kim, sister Catherine, sister Laura, brother Dennis, and of course Rev. Korda. Though they were heavily outnumbered by the crowd of roughly two hundred marchers, they did have the advantage of surprise. They arrived carrying signs that read "Stop Animal Testing", "Boycott Gillette", and "Save The Whales." The marchers had no way of knowing that these were in fact specially constructed "trick" signs, each consisting of an "inner" sign, concealed by an easily removable "outer" sign. The church had correctly assumed that security would be tight and that camouflage would be necessary. The crowd was actively monitored by at least twenty yellow-capped members of CEASE (Citizens to End Animal Suffering and Exploitation), many of them

PHOTO #6

Turnpike Dada. Many thanks to the fabulous sister Deirdre...



now surrounded by a rapidly growing crowd of admirers. The yellow caps were forced to do their dirty work themselves. The march paused to demonstrate on the steps of MIT, the yellow caps surrounded the church delegation, and a bitter confrontation ensued. The church was finally forced out of the march, despite angry protests from many of the marchers. Interviews in Harvard Square after the rally revealed that more than half of the marchers had supported the church, and that they had lost all respect for their organizers.

THE POLICE ARE YOUR FRIENDS

On April 15, Rev. Korda was very nearly arrested behind the Somerville police station. He had just stuck a **Save The Planet, Kill Yourself** sticker on the rear bumper of a shiny new police cruiser, and was focusing his 35mm camera when the sergeant walked out the back door. Rev. Korda rushed over to the car and managed to remove the sticker, but too late. "You! What are you doing?" yelled the sergeant.

"Nothing," replied Korda, a firm believer in lying to the police.

"Did you put that sticker on that car?"

"No!"

"Well that's funny, because I just saw you do it!"

"Okay, I did it, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry, it was just a prank, I'll never do it again!"

"Uh huh. You got any ID on you?"

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Chris Linden."

"Where do you live?"

"On Central street."

The sergeant unzipped his jacket and whipped out his radio. "Ah, we got a guy out here acting in suspicious manner, says his name is Chris Linden, you show anyone by that name on Central street?" After a long pause, the radio answered "Ah, we don't anyone one by that name, over."

By this point two other officers had joined the sergeant, and they proceeded to search Rev. Korda, while another officer yelled out the window, "take his camera, take his camera!" Unfortunately Rev. Korda just happened to be carrying a notebook with his name and address on it. The sergeant stared at it for a while, in apparent disbelief.

"Your name wouldn't happen to be Chris Korda, would it?"

"Yes, I'm really sorry, I didn't mean it, you're making me nervous, please just let me go!"

The sergeant lifted his radio again. "Would you believe it? He lied to the police! His real name is Chris Korda, see if he has a record."

One of the other officers, a burly, handsome Irishman with a long handlebar mustache and an enormous cigar, became noticeably excited. "Stick out your wrists!" The officer unbuttoned his handcuffs and slid them onto Rev. Korda's outstretched wrists. "Oh, these will fit real nice. You better pray to the warrant god! If you got a warrant you're spending the weekend in jail! On your knees! Get down on your knees! Pray to the warrant god!"

Rev. Korda was happy to oblige, as he quite enjoys being

humiliated by beefy men with big sticks. He got down on his knees in the parking lot, prostrated himself, prayed to the warrant god, begged for forgiveness, and was just about to offer them blowjobs when the radio answered. "Ah, he's just got a couple of traffic violations, over."

The sergeant looked visibly disappointed. "Okay, disappear, run!" Rev. Korda started walking away, dazed by his incredible good luck. "You're not running!" He started running. "Run faster! Run like a rabbit!"

TURNPIKE DADA

After many months of careful preparation, as the first light appeared in the clear skies of Monday, September 13, 1993, Rev. Korda and agent Dan climbed down from a billboard overlooking the Massachusetts Turnpike and made their getaway. A giant black banner with bold white letters that read **SAVE THE PLANET KILL YOURSELF** hung from the top of the billboard, rippling slightly in the early morning breeze. For the next 36 hours hundreds of thousands of motorists were exposed to pure Dada as they approached the Allston/Cambridge exit. Many of them received long exposures due to the heavy rush hour traffic. What thoughts, if any, went through the minds of these hapless motorists? The Rev. had originally planned to do "exit" polls at the Allston toll booths, but this proved too dangerous, so we can only imagine.

Naturally, the Rev. returned to scene of the crime later that morning to take pictures, accompanied by agent Andy and his hand-held video camera. They drove past the billboard several times. Then agent Andy persuaded the Rev. to pull over onto the shoulder in front of the billboard for a better shot. They raised the hood, got out of the car, and were shooting away when the state police arrived seconds later. Fortunately the Rev. had thought ahead for once and put electrical tape over his **SAVE THE PLANET KILL YOURSELF** bumper sticker. They told the pigs everything was okay, ran back to the car, and drove away, fully expecting pursuit, but nothing happened. The Lord was definitely backing the Church of Euthanasia that morning.

THE STUPID CLUB

Sister Catherine

A few days after Kurt Cobain's suicide, his mother, Wendy O'Connor, was quoted as saying "now he's gone and joined that stupid club," apparently referring to other stars who died in their prime. Rockers Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix, like Cobain, died at the age of twenty-seven, however their deaths are not considered suicides. Other stars whose deaths are considered accidental include James Dean, Judy Garland, Abbie Hoffman, Marilyn Monroe, and Elvis Presley. Are we to believe that these creative, intelligent individuals were so "stupid" as to ignore that their actions might result in death? Let's give credit where credit is due. Let's respect life-style choices. Their deaths were not accidental.

The news media, biographers and other powerful individuals have led us to believe that drug overdoses, car accidents, and other misadventures that result in death are accidental, just because there is no suicide note. There is much to be learned from Cobain's obvious suicide and his note. "I haven't felt the excitement of listening to as well as creating music along with really writing something for too many years now... I've tried everything within my power to appreciate it, and I do. But it's not enough. I appreciate the fact that I and we have affected and entertained a lot of people... I'm too sensitive... I love and feel for people too much... I'm too much of an erratic, moody person, and I don't have the passion anymore, so remember, it's better to burn out than to fade away."

As Cobain's music spoke for a generation, his note speaks for the not-so-accidental deaths of many, stars in particular. To attain one's dreams, especially at an early age, would most definitely cause most intelligent people to question the quality of life on this planet. One need not be a star to obtain membership in O'Connor's stupid club. It seems that the main requirement is an awareness of the diminished quality of life. There presently exists a group that has attained this requirement: the so-called X generation. We are the first generation this century to know without a doubt that we will never achieve what our predecessors have, and who is to say that we want to? The American dream that seemed so attractive to other generations has become a nightmare.

Kurt Cobain's only sin was bringing a child into this world. His gift to our world is his music, and our gift to him is to respect his decision to take his life. We hope that Frances Bean will be as sensitive and responsible as her father.

THE ORDER OF GNOMONS

Martinus Vanderberg, Chicago/Ann Arbor

A recent work purporting to be "A Novel by Charles Portis" has revealed some of the lore of the "Masters of Atlantis." (Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 1985) In this brief column I may illuminate a small portion of the significant meaning. In dealing with the Order of Gnomons one must understand the less than obvious patterns of the "Gnomon Triangles." (Illustration) Part of the lost text of "101 Gnomon Facts" may be recovered from Portis' novel. For example:

"We of the Order eschew the Vulgar inclination to make everything clear and simple."

Or: "Avoid the four P's -- the press, politicians, the Pope, and the police."

As an historical note, let it suffice to say that the Order of Gnomons [O.G.] were the officials of Atlantis in charge of schedules, geometry, and coastal patrols. These would naturally evolve in an island nation or riverine cultures. History as commonly known has preserved vestiges of such cultures in Egypt, Mesopotamia & c.

Well, friends, or perfect strangers, I leave you with these few tentative postulates. In the next column we will peruse the secret texts of Noah. In the meantime, you may wish to study Prof. Crossan's work "The Historical Jesus," Baigent and Leigh's "The Dead Sea Scrolls Deception," and/or a few passages of "THE NEW OXFORD ANNOTATED BIBLE."

Chapters 6 through 11 of Genesis purport to represent the history of the flood, and the legends of the forebears of Abraham. There will be more to say on this topic in the next issue. With grateful acknowledgement to Mr. Lamar Jimmerson, Master of the Order, and Mr. Morehead

CAPTAIN VILE

Up: The platform of the Church of Euthanasia includes suicide, abortion, cannibalism and sodomy. Why did you choose those four things?

Korda: Well, first of all we have to establish what they all have in common, and that is of course that they all reduce the human population, which is the primary goal of the church.

Up: And you approve of these four methods?

Korda: Well, these are the four that really stand out as being the most useful for the moment.

Up: But you approve of all methods?

Korda: We prefer methods that are voluntary. The population is going to get reduced one way or the other. We have a choice between allowing things to continue the way they are, in which case natural forces will reduce the population for us, with the maximum amount of violence and unpleasantness, or we can take steps to try and reduce our population voluntarily, through the four pillars of the church.

Up: You're opposed to involuntary population reduction?

Korda: We don't believe in mass murder. We would prefer to see things done in an orderly and sensible manner, to the extent that that's still possible. The longer we delay, the more likely it becomes that there won't be any sensible solution. Already we see chaos in our society, spreading out from the cities, and from the United States to the rest of the world. There's not much time left. If there's going to be an orderly solution it needs to be started immediately.

Up: And you're not just talking about zero population growth, you're talking about population reduction.

Korda: Absolutely. It's been well known for some time now that zero population growth just isn't enough, and we haven't even achieved that. It's a common belief that the United States has already achieved zero population growth, when in fact, nothing could be further from the truth. Our population continues to grow, and not just from immigration. In the rest of the world, the population is growing at an incredible rate. As things become more and more uncertain, due in large part to the tremendous strain placed on the ecosystem by the industrial nations, people have less and less confidence that their children will survive, so they have more of them. The numbers speak for themselves. At the current rate, the human population will reach eight billion by 2020, which is well within our lifetimes. It's just common sense that the Earth's ecosystem is not going to sustain that population, and that the side effects are going to be famine, disease, war, and chaos on a scale that we can't even imagine yet.

Up: The apocalypse.

Korda: Right.

Up: But wouldn't the apocalypse accomplish your goal?

Korda: Actually, no. The apocalypse would involve the destruction of the ecosystem, and that's what we're trying to prevent. There are many groups out there who support war, particularly nuclear war, as a way of drastically reducing or eliminating the human species. There is no doubt that the process would be effective, but it would

also make vast areas of the Earth unsuitable for any form of life. What we're trying to do is put the human species back in balance with the other species on the planet. We're trying to prevent the apocalypse.

Up: Abortion and suicide are obvious. These are responsible decisions that people can make. Can you be more specific about how sodomy will directly affect the population?

Korda: Well, no one ever got pregnant from sodomy.

Up: (laughs)

Korda: Seriously, why do you think it's still illegal in most states? We are living in a society that is almost entirely dominated by heterosexual males. Our government is a patriarchy. Our god is a father figure. There's been no check, no restraint, on male power for hundreds of years, and the results are horrifying.

Up: Why do males behave this way?

Korda: It all comes down to biology. The male has approximately six hundred million sperm in his body at any given time, and these little guys are jumping up and down in there yelling "let me out, let me out!" By contrast, the female has one egg. There's a well known saying that when the dick gets hard, the brain gets soft, and it's actually very close to the truth. Men will say anything to get laid. Their sperm makes them crazy.

Up: The dreaded sperm buildup!

Korda: It's not just that. Males also lose an enormous amount of energy when they ejaculate, unlike females, who lose their energy through menstruation. Women can have orgasms all day long without any problem. This is the principle reason females live longer than males. All of this was well understood in traditional Asian cultures, where boys were taught sexual yoga to help them retain their semen. In our society, men are encouraged to ejaculate as often as possible, so of course they become weak, and gradually develop deep resentment towards women. This makes them extremely dangerous, and causes sadism and violence. Industrial society is really the male's attempt to get revenge for his natural sexual inadequacy by raping the Earth.

Up: So you're opposed to ejaculation?

Korda: Yes, but we're also pragmatic. What we're saying is, since we have all these angry men trying to get rid of their sperm, why don't they get rid of it in each other?

Up: But what if they don't want to be queer?

Korda: Women can oblige just as easily. Grease it up. If more guys were fucking asses instead of pussies, the population would drop. That's the bottom line.

Up: (more laughs) Should they wear condoms?

Korda: Of course! We're opposed to all needless suffering, including AIDS.

Up: Okay, cannibalism. Are there any restrictions?

Korda: Look, we have fifty thousand automobile fatalities per year, and we're lucky if we recycle a few organs. Perfectly good meat is being buried in the ground, or incinerated. That meat should go to straight to McDonald's. The United States wastes vast amounts of energy so that its citizens can eat as much meat as they want. It's just plain dumb. It takes more than seven pounds of grain to create one pound of meat. Read Diet for a Small Planet if you want the exact figures. There's no

sensible reason why the rest of the world should starve so that we can eat meat. It's just another form of cultural decadence. But the church is realistic. We're not expecting Americans to stop eating meat, any more than we're expecting them to stop ejaculating. If they have to eat meat, let's make sure it's human meat.

Up: Have you researched the nutritional value of human flesh?

Korda: There's nothing wrong with it. It's good for you, and tasty too. My understanding is it tastes rather like pork.

Up: Is it true that you'll be publishing a church cookbook?

Korda: There have been rumors to that effect. We're working on it. The main problem is testing the recipes.

HIPPOCRATIC OAFS

Pastor Scott

Life is far too serious a business to be taken seriously, according to many renowned experts on the subject. Nowhere, it seems, is life taken more seriously than in the courtroom. Indeed, where is any legal case without the corpus delicti? Let's examine the body of evidence concerning suicide.

Assisted suicide has been a common practice among caring doctors since before the time of Hippocrates. Every new doctor takes the Hippocratic oath, to heal and save lives. Many do nose bobs and tummy tucks, but for those who save lives, death has always been part of the equation.

Bureaucratic policy making is a grubby affair. It's also organic. So, like a manure compost heap, it just keeps on growing, just as long as you keep your horses in the stable; that is, if you're a hospital administrator/stable hand. And with growing inter-office memo manure grows a certain smell. I once spoke with one of the head financial administrators at U.Mass Medical. He said, "Every time the feds rewrite medical billing and subsidy regulations, they hire us guys from the medical community as consultants, and we haven't taken a pay cut yet."

Aside from being effective, assisted suicide must be made easy to obtain without a lot of policy hang-ups. And for God's sake let's keep the insurance companies out of it. I can imagine a worst-case scenario:

"Doctor, I'm feeling so terribly depressed."

"Yes, I understand, but the state board medical regulations don't recognize your type of depression as grounds for assisted suicide."

"Isn't there any hope, doctor?"

"Well, if there wasn't the matter of claiming your life insurance you could. . . but then there's the matter of the pain, or a botched job."

"Isn't there someone else who could help?"

"Okay, here, I'm going to take you off the Prozac, and send you down to Dr. Frankenstein. He's a very somber fellow. I can hardly stand to be around him. See him, get a second opinion, and if you're lucky enough to slip into a chronic non-response depression, maybe he'll send over to see Dr. Vader in the new Nixon wing. He heads up our suicide ward."

"Thank you, doctor, but I sure wish there was a faster way that was still covered under the '97 Clinton health reform act."

"So do I, Mrs. Plath, so do I."

Mrs. Plath would get shuffled from doctor to doctor, treated with a candy store assortment of research drugs to test the ailments of other people, never arriving at the ultimate cure. When her bodily systems had become a puzzle of nightmarish side-effects she would be less than mercifully "put down." In a simpler world, I could imagine this:

"Doctor, I feel worse than yesterday."

"Well, it looks like the only procedure covered under your federal health plan is assisted suicide. Any questions?"

"Not really."

"Good. Take two of these tonight and have your wife call my secretary in the morning. Sign here."

The practice of euthanasia is so widespread, and has such a long history that the very word "euthanasia" says it best. Derived directly from the Greek, it means "good death." Surely, Hippocrates and the Greeks believed in death with honor and the "good death," concepts they passed on to the heirs of Western civilization. But times change.

It's said that Constantine adopted Christianity as the Roman state religion after the Christian God delivered him victory on the battle field, in two very decisive battles fought to save the Empire. Zeus and the rest of the pantheon hadn't been delivering victory, so Constantine made the switch. "Dear Christian God, if you only grant me victory in this final and decisive battle to defeat and kill and butcher and rape and maim my rotten and bad-smelling enemies who are after my power, wealth and reputation. . . well, if you just grant me this, I'll make you the state religion."

In his infinite wisdom, God granted Constantine victory. Personally I can't see it, but I'm sure God had his reasons for doing it at the time. State religions are nasty little arrangements. If you've never had the opportunity to experience one, they work this way: dispute the law, that's treason; dispute the religion, that's heresy. The formula works both ways in a vice versa manner; either way, you get put to death.

It would seem that suicide would make a neat exit from the church-state double bind, and it would, except for one person: Judas, that weasel bastard, the first traitor of the Christian faith. It wouldn't have been any big deal, especially for Christ, who seemed to be particularly forgiving of being betrayed to the Roman legion. It's just that Judas had to go and kill himself with a rope. For Judas, it was a direct trip to hell. Do not pass go. Do not collect \$200. So, under a state-run religion, if the state doesn't catch you at being bad, when you do go, you're headed South anyway, at least according to the magistrates, rule makers, and scribes. You could say that Judas forever tarnished the public's perception of suicide.

Now, only six dirty years from the next millennium, the state is trying to re-legislate the laws concerning suicide. True, we do not have a state-run religion. It's just that the major religious sects have major lobbying efforts. They've got the lawyers with the huge expense accounts. Indeed, there's an awful lot of money involved on both sides, and there's the rub.

With roughly 15% of the GNP devoted to the health care of an aging population, with malpractice suits sending insurance rates through the roof, and with the specter

of super-regulated national health care scaring the children when you turn off the lights. . . With all this, the routine practice of euthanasia (never formally sanctioned by the church or the state) must now be regulated to a gnat's ass, just like everything else in the health care industry. Hospitals, insurance companies, administrators, and lawyers are all demanding written policy on all procedures.

The laws regulating assisted suicide are now being written; policy and internal memos will soon follow. Up until now, what could be called "murder on the installment plan" has replaced outright assisted suicide: ghoulishly common bizarre and macabre research on dying patients who are willing to bet their remaining lives on long shot procedures and new drugs being tested by the FDA. The pharmaceutical companies make an enormous amount of money experimenting on terminally ill patients, but the bodies linger on. Meanwhile, the health care institutions are asking, "how can we afford to support all this (nearly) dead weight?" Throw the well-healed [sic] religious lobbyists into the mix and you get a good idea what's at stake in the Kevorkian legal battles.

We read about the heroism of the slowly dying patient, or the brilliant attempts by doctors, or a drug that could revolutionize the way we think about depression. In fact, all of these headlines belie the fact that millions of Americans (in the third world they at least know how to die) will have their final days stretched out like putty, perhaps testing the next generation of chromosome therapy; this, while the federal health care system runs our hospitals with the high standards they now enforce through the Veteran's Administration. People will demand death.

In fact, people are demanding death now, and not getting it. Doctors no longer follow the spirit of the Hippocratic oath; they must follow policy. This is not as it should be. Humans cannot be left jello-eyed in the busy corridors of our hospitals, or the back hallways of our mental institutions, as test subjects for drugs, medical

Old Thoughts

Be born, then prepare for death.
The comfort of maturity is
Hollow dullness before nothing.

Become, go to work, slow death
Of schedules, meetings, habits,
A suicide of boredom.

We weakly surrender life
When we stop being reborn.
We are dying when we are not young.

-Pastor Kim

procedures, and ambitious political agendas. As a pastor, I implore those who would kill slowly and without mercy to instead offer the "good death."

Halo Boy's War Farm

Halo boy sweats fire
On the land his robot farms

He clears a space to self destruct
He builds his house
By a rainbow

His old war money
Gets him nowhere
His love is blind
His hope is sick

Halo boy forgets
To keep his grudges
He breast feeds
The best of flaws
And settles feuds
By tearing flags

He picks a bluff
And takes his time
Cradling nonsense
On the farm

When godly hard things
Turn to love
And numbered seeds
Are known by heart
Halo boy goes to bed
Discharging poisons
In his sleep

He milked the parts
Milked from fear
Daddy's bible words
Were tongue in cheek
A white sorcerer's truth
No computer could back

Halo boy's cheap war games
Shattered the nation's
Factory spirit

-Raven Drake

THANKS to Kim, Raven, Laura, Scott, Donald and especially **CATHERINE** for making the first issue of Snuff It possible. Next issue: Columbus and Socrates. Until then, one is well advised to drink **BOTTLED WATER!**

THIS OLD CERVIX

Sister Catherine

God deliver us from lawyers. Despite the election of a president who actually admits to being pro-choice, the legal battles continue, and in many states, a woman's right to obtain an abortion has become more theoretical than practical. The Webster decision allowed Roe versus Wade to stand, but gave most of the tactical aspects of the matter back to the states. Many of the states, anticipating the outcome, immediately enacted legislation requiring waiting periods, parental notification, and exposure to absurd propaganda. The irony of all this is that the people most likely to be affected are teenagers, who are also the most likely to need abortions.

Meanwhile, the United States maintains the highest teenage pregnancy rate of any industrial nation, despite our world-famous "family values." Even the restoration of Roe versus Wade to its former glory would be only a first step towards reforming abortion laws, practices, and attitudes. It has become politically correct to be "pro-choice", but the very euphemism itself reveals deep misgivings within the people who call themselves pro-choice. The Church of Euthanasia is not pro-choice. The Church of Euthanasia is pro-abortion.

Adults as well as teenagers have proven themselves irresponsible when it comes to birth control. Women and men (in particular) tend to lose the capability for rational thought when involved in sexual acts, too often producing unwanted children. If people are unwilling or incapable of sexually responsible behavior before or during the act, then it becomes the responsibility of society to provide treatment after the act. The time has come for abortion to be encouraged as birth control.

With the advent of the abortion pill, women can finally take matters into their own hands. Dilation and suction are crude and obsolete. RU-486 is the new frontier for abortion, and I wish it had been available when I had mine. Abortion should be easy, legal and free.

Where are all those fetuses going, anyway? Judging

Everyone's a star!

PHOTO #7

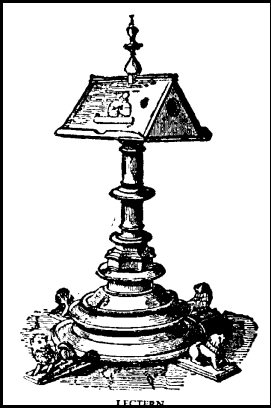
PHOTO: C.KORDA

by the number of pro-life lunatics that manage to get hold of them, too many are winding up in dumpsters. How typically American! Let's recycle those fetuses, by combining two of the pillars of the church. Fetus pâté, anyone?



THE LECTERN

(From a sermon delivered by Rev. Korda on April 21, 1994)



Why do people kill themselves? Let's ask ourselves that. Why do people kill themselves? They kill themselves because they're unhappy! Because they're unhappy with their life, with the way they feel, with the emotions they have. Now, what we're saying here is that the main reason so many people are so unhappy is because our culture, our society is out of balance. You

can see it in our art, in our magazines, in our music, in everything we create, there is tremendous suffering, and this suffering is the result of our being out of balance with the earth. The human species is no longer in balance with the forces that created it.

The only solution to this problem is to reduce the human population. There is no other solution, and nature will take action to ensure that it happens eventually anyway. So all that we're really saying, all the Church of Euthanasia is really saying, is let's save some time! Let's take the heartache out of this. Why make it hard when it can be easy? Why make it painful when it doesn't have to be? Who wants unnecessary suffering? Let's reduce the population now, the easy way. With rope, with potassium cyanide, with seconal and a plastic bag, with whatever the Hemlock Society says is the best way to do it, that's the way we want everybody to do it, the way that causes the least trouble.

And let's face it, we are at the center, the absolute epicenter of the consumer culture. We consume ten times more resources than any other nation on the planet. If it's going to start anywhere it has to start here! And the richer you are, the more money you have, the more assets you have, the more it matters that you kill yourself, right? I mean, it doesn't help us much if homeless people are killing themselves. We want to see rich people, people who matter, people who are intelligent and liberal, people who consume, these are the people we're after. We want these people to realize that...it's going to happen either way. Either way. It's like the end of the Roman empire, you see the end coming. Are you going to wait for the Germans to show up at the gates? Are you going to wait for them to rape you and stab you through the throat with a big sharp knife? Why not just go out the easy way? A little bit of hemlock, let go of your personal possessions, accept it, it's the decline of the West.

The decline of the Empire. Let go. Surrender. Come to the Church of Euthanasia, and let yourself go, surrender to the inevitable. Americans must die! **Americans must die to save the planet!**

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AT THE THEATER

Corina: What are you up to? We're up on the roof on top of some abandoned house with narco and BFMV suspects in it. We're waiting for them to hit some places.

Powell: Sounds almost as exciting as our last call. It was right out of "Gorillas in the Mist".

LAPD: To all units, CHP advises their officers are in pursuit of a vehicle failing to yield, white Hyundai, license 2KFM102, now approaching Glennoaks. (high speed chase, King pulls over)

P.A.: Driver! Put your hands out the window! Take your left hand, unlock the door, and step out!

Singer: What's your name?

King: Glenn.

Singer: Get down on the ground, Glenn. (pause) Get down on the ground!

King: Why you want me to get on the ground?

Singer: Get your hands away from your butt! Hit the ground!

Koon: (to Singer) Get back, we'll handle. (to King) Get down on the ground! If you don't start following orders, I'm going to electrocute you! Powell! You're the designated shooter! (scuffle, King Tased, screams) Anyone else have a Taser?

others: Lie down! Put your hands up! Put your hands behind your back, nigger!

Koon: Powell and Wind, batons! Power strokes! (King beaten)

Koon: (later) You just had a big time use of force. Tased and beat suspect of CHP pursuit, big time.

LAPD: Oh well, I'm sure the lizard didn't deserve it, ha ha. I'll let them know OK.

other: Sounds like monkey slapping time.

Powell: Oops.

car 2: Oops what?

Powell: I haven't beat anyone this bad in a long time.

car 2: Oh not again. Why for you do that? Thought you agreed to chill out for a while. What'd he do?

Powell: I think he was dusted. Many broken bones later, after the pursuit.

King: (waking up at hospital) What happened?

Powell: We played a little baseball tonight, didn't we?

King: What do you mean?

Powell: We played a little hardball, and you lost.

-Transcripts of radio communications the night of the Rodney King beating, excerpted from GQ.

KEVORKIAN RECORDS MAIL ORDER CATALOG

STPBS The original **SAVE THE PLANET, KILL YOURSELF** bumper sticker, white letters on black vinyl, 3" x 10", now available at your nearest **Spencer Gifts**, or from us, \$1 each, or 75¢ each for twenty and up, 50¢ each for 100 and up, for a thousand or more please contact us!

STPIB The international **SAVE THE PLANET, KILL YOURSELF** bumper sticker, easily understood in any language, red and black on white vinyl, 3" x 5½", \$1 each, or 75¢ each for twenty and up, 50¢ each for 100.

STP12 At last! **SAVE THE PLANET, KILL YOURSELF**, the incredible hit record from **The Church of Euthanasia!** Rev. Korda receives regular communications from the "Being." The messages arrive via psychic channelling, or "demons in his head." The Being is a powerful alien intelligence who speaks for the inhabitants of Earth in other dimensions. Move to the throbbing techno/trance beat while absorbing their hypnotic suggestions. Be part of the solution! On 12" vinyl only, \$6 each, or \$4 each for ten and up.

DEMCD Rev. Korda's **DEMONS IN MY HEAD** is in a category by itself, according to **Brett Milano** of the **Boston Phoenix**. Subtitled "An Environmental Punishment in D Minor," this forty-four minute one-track soundscape will permanently affect your subconscious mind. Dante's **Inferno** pales by comparison. Right up there with **Eraserhead**. On CD only, \$10 each, or \$7.50 each for ten and up.

KEVTS Be the envy of all your friends! Wear a **KEVORKIAN RECORDS** T-shirt! This elegant shirt features the international **SAVE THE PLANET, KILL YOURSELF** symbols. You'll attract attention in any country. White ink on black 100% cotton T-shirt. Specify L or XL. \$10 each, or \$7.50 for ten and up.

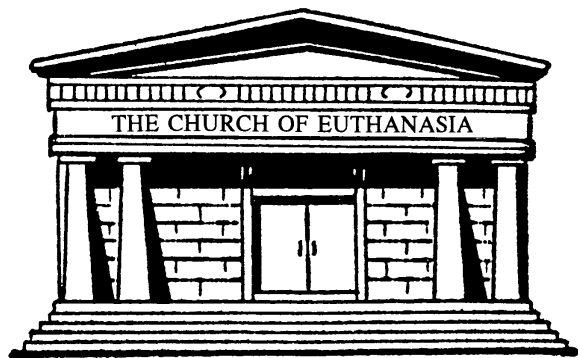
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